Prin. When I returne with victory from the field,
Ile ſee your Grace, till then Ile follow her. *Exit.*
King, Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the Prince her ſon
Makes her in furie thus to forget her ſelfe.
Reuenged may ſhe be on that accurſed Duke.
Come Coſen of Exeter, ſtay thou heere,
For Clifford and thoſe Northerne Lords be gone,
I feare towards Wakefield, to diſturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw. Brother, and coſen *Montague*, giue me leaue to ſpeake.
Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.
Mont. But I haue reaſons ſtrong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. How now ſonnes what at a iarre amongſt your ſelues?
Rich. No Father, but a ſweete contention, about that which concernes your ſelfe and vs, The Crowne of England father.
Yorke. The Crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,
And I haue ſworne that he ſhall reigne in quiet till his death.
Ed. But I would breake an hundred oaths to reigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it pleaſe your Grace to giue me leaue,
Ile ſhew your Grace the way to ſaue your oath,
And diſpoſſeſſe King *Henry* from the Crowne.
Yorke. I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuice.
Rich. Then thus my Lord.
An Oath is of no moment,
Being not ſworne before a lawfull Magiſtrate.
Henry is none, but doth vſurpe your right,
And yet your Grace ſtands bound to him by Oath.
Then noble father reſolue your ſelfe,
And once more claime the Crowne.
Yorke. I, ſaiſt thou ſo boy? why then it ſhall be ſo.
I am reſolu'd to win the Crowne, or dye.
Edward, thou ſhalt to *Edmund Brooke* Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
Thou Coſen *Montague* ſhalt to Norfolke ſtraight,

And bid the Duke to muſter vp his ſoldiours,
And come to me to *Wakefield* preſently,
And *Richard*, thou to London ſtraight ſhalt poſte,
And bid *Richard Neuill* Earle of *Warwicke*,
To leaue the Citty, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at S. *Albones* ten dayes hence.
My ſelfe heere in *Sandall* Caſtle will prouide
Both men and mony to further our attempts.
Now, what newes? *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſ. My Lord, the Queene with thirty thouſand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Northumberland, and *Weſtmerland*,
With others of the houſe of Lancaſter,
Are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To beſiedge you in your Caſtle heere.
Enter Sir Iohn, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.
Yorke. A Gods name let them come.
Couſin *Montague*, poſte you hence.
And boyes ſtay you with me.
Sir *Iohn* and ſir *Hugh Mortimer* mine Vnckles,
Y'are welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,
The army of the Queene meanes to beſiedge vs.
Sir Iohn. She ſhall not neede my Lord,
Wee'l meete her in the field.
Yorke. What, with fiue thouſand ſoludiors, Vnckle?
Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A woman's Generall, what ſhould you feare?
York. Indeed, many braue battels haue I wonne
In *Normandy*, when as the enemie
Hath bin ten to one, and why ſhould I now doubt
Of the like ſucceſſe? I am reſolu'd. Come lets goe.
Edw. Let's march away, I heare their drums. *Exit.*

Alarmes, and then enter the young Earle of Rutland and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flye my Lord, lets leaue the Caſtle,
And flye to *Wakefield* ſtraight.